Say Clifford, doſt thou know who ſpeakes to thee?
Darke cloudie death oreſhades his beames of life,
And he nor ſees nor heares vs what we ſay.
Rich. Oh would he did, and ſo perhaps he doth,
And tis his pollicie in the time of death,
He might auoyde ſuch bitter ſtormes as he
In his houre of death did giue vnto our father,
Geor. Richard, if thou thinkeſt ſo, vex him with eger words.
Rich. Cuſford, aske mercie, and obtaine no grace.
Edw. Clifford, repent in bootleſſe penitence.
War. Clifford, deuiſe excuſes for thy fault.
George. Whilſt we deuiſe fell tortures for thy fault.
Rich. Thou pittiedſt *Yorke,* and I am ſonne to *Yorke.*
Edw. Thou pittiedſt *Rutland,* and I will pittie thee.
Georg. Where's captaine *Margaret* to fence you now?
War. They mocke thee *Clifford;* ſweare as thou waſt wont.
Rich. What not an oath? Nay then, I know hee's dead.
T is hard, when *Clifford* cannot foord his friend an oath.
By this, I know hee's dead; and by my ſoule,
Would this right hand buy but an howers life,
That I in all contempt might raile at him.
Ide cut it off, and with the iſſuing blood,
Stifle the villaine, whoſe inſtanched thirſt,
Yorke and young *Rutland* could not ſatisfie.
War. I, but he is dead; off with the traytors head,
And reare it in the place your fathers ſtandes.
And now to *London* with triumphant march,
There to be crowned *Englands* lawfull King:
From thence ſhall *Warwicke* croſſe the ſeas to *Fraunce,*
And aske the Ladie *Bona* for thy Queene;
So ſhalt thou ſinew both theſe Landes togither:
And hauing *Fraunce* thy friend, thou needſt not dread;
The ſcattered foe, that hopes to riſe againe.
And though they cannot greatly ſting to hurt,
Yet looke to haue them buſie, to offend thine eares.
Firſt Ile ſee the coronation done,
And afterward Ile croſſe the ſeas to *Fraunce,*
To effect this marriage, if it pleaſe my Lord?

Edw.

Yorke, and

Edw. Euen as thou wi
But firſt before we go, *G*
Wee here create thee *D*
Our younger brother *R*
Warwicke as my ſelfe ſha
Rich. Let me be Duk
For *Gloſters* Dukedome
War. Tuſh, thats a chi
Richard be Duke of *Glo*
To ſee theſe honors in p

Enter two Keepe

Keeper. Come, lets tak
And by and by the Dee
But ſtay, here comes a
Enter King
Hen. From *Scotland* a
And thus diſguiſde, to g
No, *Henrie* no, It is no
No bending knee will
No humble ſuters ſues t
For how canſt thou help
Keeper. I marry ſir, her
Sirra ſtand cloſe; for as
King *Edward* hath depo
Hen. My Queene & ſ
And (as I heare) the gre
To intreate a marriage
If this be true, poore Q
Your labour is but ſpen
For *Lewis* is a Prince ſo
And *Warwicke* is a ſubtil
He laughes and ſayes, h
She weepes, and ſayes,
He on his right hand, a
She on his left ſide, crau
Keeper. What art tho
Hen. More then I ſee